

DIVINE POEMS,

IN

THREE PARTS,

Poeticall Applications,
Job's Adversity,
Poeticall Prayers,

WITH
MANS LOOKING-GLASSE.

By ARTHUR NASH.

Palazzo. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

In magna voluntate est.

EDINBURGH.

Printed for James Miller, at the
Shop in the Cow-gate, at the Sign of the
Dyke, at the foot of the Calton-hill.

DAVID



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

JAMES,

EARLE OF

SOUTHESK,

LORD CARNEGIE, of KINNARD
and LEWCHERS.

Most Noble,



Are I (whose slender Quil can scarce
advance

To speak above the roof of Ignorance)
To stand alone ? No, no; my Muse
doth call

For a *Supporter*, lest she catch a fall

With *Icarus*, her wings are newly spread,

But she to flighter highly is afraid :

Nor 'gainst *Paternal-counsel* will she soar,

Lest she descend to the *Icarian* Shore,

She is afraid of *Phœbus*, lest he spie

Her youthfull elevation, and envy

Her *Morning-fac'd Experience*, which but green

Hath neither felt much, neither much hath leen,

Nor will my Muse, with *Phaeton* presume

To guide alone, lest that the purst

The Epistle Dedicatory.

A descended Sun arise above
Inferiour Circles, to the nose of *Jove*:
With a *Thunder-bolt* incontinent
May show its conduct is impertinent.

No, rather shall it retrograde in motion,
Till it approach unto *Oblivious Ocean*,
And there be sunk in silence, or take flight,
Ne're to return, untill the *Poles* do meet.

Then whether shall my wav'ring wings direct
Their trembling motion, with a sad aspect:
Put unto You, *Most Noble*? whose protection
Indues my *Place* with a full perfection:

For if your *Presence* pleaseth to protect,
None dare attempt the boldnesse to object:
Then shall my *Muse* be guided gloriously
By your most Noble *Conduct*, and shall fly
Throughout the dusty *Glob*; for its perfection
Only depends upon your sweet *Acception*.

O then, My *LORD*, admit this glorious guise,
To see Your *Servant Penn*, Your *Patronize*.

Accept my *Mite*, most Noble, I do crave
No more; *its much*, because its all I have.

Therefore, most Noble, do receive the same,
And let it be thrice happy in your Name.

Its beg'd of no pretence but this, I know
You honour *it* and *him* in doing so,

Who is the humblest of Your
Lordships servants.

A. N.

TO THE
READER.

Courteous Reader,

IT's my emulous desire, thy proficē;
in perusall, may parallel the plea-
sure I had in Penning: in which
let this be thy chief, To give glory
to the Glorious Efficient; and like-
wise, wish for a double portion on
the Instrument: And that your requests may obtain
your intent, let it be your study; the which, ye may
conjecture, will be my prayer: in the end of which,
(kind Reader) you may be the partner of a purer por-
tion. I know, I will not be here forc'd to beseech and
pray thee to accept it; for, if thou be one of these to
whom I write, thou wilt (doubtlesse) entertain it
with affection:

Only, Use it, and peruse it,
Love it, and approve it.

It's not to the criticall or curious Reader that I
write to, who love more to pitch than proficē; and
whose affections incline more to squabble higher and
hither, in the delights (if there be such) of an
unwelled non-truth, than in letting their ear rest

To the Reader.

far nobler Directions. Neither are these ensuing
Plato's pocket or Apollo's perisall: No, no; let
these get hence to accompany their own crew, every
Fellow to his Companion, Dogs and Swine to husks,
and the carping Critick to the Devil; since this would
mar the meetest mater, and that (if it were possible)
the most constant Christian: But let the Children
eat their Bread. I shall say but this to the Critick,
Let him not attempt to touch the fancy, lest he make
foppery of faith, seeing this depends so jointly on that,
Vel tuâ æde, vel noli nostrâ carpere.

But, kind Reader, enter thou, and let the fruit be
pleasant to thy taste. Touch, take, taste, and fear
not; for this fruit is offered, not forbidden. I could
wish they had the force to make thee **KNOW THY
SELF**, that henceforth thou mayest labour, in Christ,
to disburden thy self of thy self. He that knoweth
himself best, loveth himself least. But I detain you:
Enter the Orchard, take the Fruit, and pluck the
Flowers that are most delectable: Let the best be thy
choise, but let the bad remain to him,

Who delights to plant to thy
profite and pleasure,

A. N.

T. W. To the Author.

Since that thy younger years do blossom forth
Such fragrant Flowers, Who then shall prize the worth
Arise of that, which thy Maturity
Shall yet send forth unto Posterity?
Go to, let not thy Talent be in vain,
Improve it, NASMYTH, so thy MASTER gain;
For this thy Usher the way hath now prepar'd;
Come boldly forth, thou needst not be afraid.

On the Authors praise, and laudable Practice,

YE Lovers of Celestiall Muses, favour
These Lines, which of Celestiall speeches favour
Their Subject it compells you to esteem
These Truths Divine, that's Holy and Sublime;
Not Frolick, or Chyme-ick notions traile,
But Heavenly, Holy, and Myst'rious Acts;
Applying them most pow'rfully, and plain,
To the souls good of every Christian.
Pure the Spring-Blossoms of his youthfull dayes
Deserves the honour of a Crown of Bayes.
I need not show thee, Reader, how, or what
Shall thy acceptance be; his Touth pleads that.

D. A.

To the Mighty
L Y O N

Of the Tribe of *JUDAH*,
And Transcendent
L O R D
of the Gentiles.

GREAT GOD ! with thy Diviner breath inspire
My dead Triangle with thy holy Fire ;
And with these Sparklings kindle the Beholder :
O ! let my Soul act what the Sp'rit hath told her.
Inflame my heart with Knowledge, Zeal & fear,
That, where my Judgment fails, I may admire.
Be present with me, GOD, and surely then
I'll fear the censure of no mortall man.

Thy Hand-work,
Root of Jesse.

Poeticall Applications.

1. The *Chaos*.



Nought but a dark confused *Chaos* was
Before the Lord did make his power
to passe,
By speaking but the word, and it
was done.
But here is matter, Lord, to worke
upon :

Therefore (with pardon) let me pray thee thus,
Hear thou my suites, bow down to grant my wishes
My sinfull mind's a Mass, and stiled right;
Move on its angles, Lord, command the light;
say, *Let there be light*, and my heart shall then
Appear most glorious in the sight of men.

2. *Marriage ordain'd of GOD.*

Six dayes being past, Gods holy labour ended,
Sanctifi'd the seventh, man in the Garden plac'd.

Poeticall Applications.

Made the Woman, Marriage did ordain
The new-made Creature and the Man between.
Even so, O Lord, as Thou hast made my heart,
Reduce it to a form by holy Art;
Then sanctify't, and let their *Nuptials* be
Soon celebrate 'twixt Christ Thy Son and me.

3. Mans Fall.

THe *Serpents* wisdom *Satan* did abuse;
And by its craft made *Woman* to seduce
Adam; so knew them naked for to be,
And from the presence of the Lord did flee:
In acting which, in them they did deface
The glorious Image of Gods Divine Grace.
Ingrave Thy Image on this Mass of mine;
But, Lord, remove all pleasures from my sight
That's terrene: Blesse me with thy Grace Divine,
That still I may obtain thy saving Light.
So having this, may shun forbidden Fruit,
Eviting *Serpents* that may cause me do't.

4. Fratricide.

What mighty stroak was this? what desperat hand
That kill'd the fourth part of the world or land?
Was't not great murder? blood-thirsty was not he
That in the world left not a soul but *Three*?
The Murderer was *One*, the other *Two*

Fel

Poetical Applications.

Fell from perfection, by presumption too.
We are the abstracts of these men, how then
Can *We*, poor *We*, but be unhappy men?

Then, Lord, as we're the abstracts of these men,
So let us be abstracted from their *Sin*.

5. The Deludge.

ALL was at rest, each creature at its ease,
There's nought to do, but marry when they please
Was there no God to serve? No, there was none,
Who sought the Lord, but *Noah's* house alone,
An Ark therefore, for *Noah* must be made,
To swime upon the waters swelling head.
The Ark is made, his household enter in,
The Flood it swels, the World is drawn'd therein.

My soul's deludg'd with sin, O Lord with love
Frame thou an Ark, that I may swime above,
And so my sighs I'll send thee as the Dove,
And they'll, as she, bring branches of thy love,
But when this great deludge of sin shall passe,
Yet let thy Ark rest in its dwelling place.

6. BABEL.

YET evil's not past, there's now a new
There's yet a soul to tempt the more to sin,
He and his followers have nought to do
Therefore they'll frame a Tower, to reach unto

Political Applications.

The cloudy Skie, and to the Heaven, and they
Will make them known unto Posterity.
Foolish are they, for in the midst they stick,
One calls for slime, another bringeth brick :
And being foil'd by the Almighty God,
Both here and there, were scattered abroad,
And made the World to understand and know,
Against his will, the earth can nothing do.

Infuse thy Spirit in my deadned heart,
That it may keep a *medium*, in each art,
Lest *Elevation*, it procure me wo,
To *plain* upon the Earth, will hurt me to;
Lest in *ascent* my fancies be confus'd,
Lest while below my hie thoughts be abus'd.
Riches, and Wealth, makes worldly men bereaven
Of all things heavenly, or the glorie of Heaven.
O! gracious God, make me not rich nor poor,
The first will tempt, the last begets despair.

7. *Abram's* name and *Sarai's* changed.

HOW now blest Patriarch, how or why became
Thy name thus changed unto *Abraham* ?
Its the Almighty's will, he merit better,
And little paines for us to add a letter,
Father of many Nations, he hath made thee.
Therefore, *Abraham*, blest shall all thy Seed be.
But is it fit that *Abraham* should alone,
Be Father over many Nation ?

Poeticall Applications.

No; her's a Helper, *Saras*, so her name
Was turned *Sarah*, Princessse or a Dame;
Sarah is nintie, yet this Dame must bear,
And Kings of people must proceed of her.

I'm *unregenerat*, and I think't a name,
Whereof my *unregenerat* nature may think shame,
Abolish [*un*] O Lord, and then I'll be
Regenerat, as circumcis'd was he.

8. *Abraham* entertains three Angels.

Blest is the tent that doeth entertaine
Three Angels walking in the shape of men;
Abraham arose, rose quickly off his seat,
Prostrats himself, even at the Angels feet.
Great was thy love which made them eat his bread;
Surely, their heavenly natures had no need
Of earthly sustentation, for we see
Scarce in thy word the like of this to be.
Great *Samson's* father offered a kid
To th' Heaven-sent-Angel, ate he then, or did
He taste the food that *Manoah* did make?
No: he refus'd, and *Manoah* did forsake;
And to the Heaven, in's sacrifices flame,
For confirmation he did act the same.
Then sure this *Abraham* enjoy'd great honour
To make such heavenly Saints an earthly honour;
The Lawing it was richly payed, when
A son was promis'd, ere they came again.

Poeticall Applications.

Sarah did laugh, but yet she found it true,
What the three Angels heretofore did shew.
Her womb was barren, therefore could scarce be done
With Nature: though the Lord could bring a Son.

Lord, I am not so old, but may conceive in me
Thy blessed Son, my Saviour to be.
Blest is the soul, wherein remains these three,
A lively Faith, true Hope, and Charitie.

9. *Abrahams* Faith tried.

A Rise, *Abraham*, for this must be done,
Go to *Moriab*, sacrifice thy son.
Abraham hath Faith, arises, staggers not,
At Gods fore-promise inquires not a jot.
Abraham said nought, but quickly did arise
To obey the Lord, his son to sacrifice,
He ne're objects against the mighty Lord,
Knowing he would fulfill his former word,
In Isaac shall thy seed be blest, but he,
I'm sure, expect another son to be:
So he, relying on Gods promise, went
For to fulfill the Lords commandement:
Leaving his servants, and his asse before,
He, and his son, went foreward to adore:
It must be secret, and he strives to shune
Their company, to sacrifice his sonne.
Well, they approach the place with wood and fire
Yet he misses (therefore did inquire)

Poetical Applications.

The Lamb to offer, *Abraham* reply'd,
Isaac my son, the Lord He will provide.
So built the Altar, and uncas'd his knife,
Bound *Isaac* fast, ready to take his life.
The Voice prevents the stroak, the Voice doth cry;
Touch not the childe, thy Faith hath made him free.

How pitifull the Lord's, how good is God!
Who loves the willing heart, takes't as the deed.

Ravish my heart unto some mountain hie,
And let my bosome-sinnes be kill'd by me,
Stope not my hands to strike, but help me rather;
Lest this my sin o'recome my heart, its father.
Give it but courage, let it act the part
Of a commander, by a Warriours art;
Subdue my sinnes, and set the father free,
Who can gainstand me, if I know of thee?
Then, Lord, I'le not absent till't be reply'd
To me a sinuer, Son, I will provide.

10. *Abraham* sends his Servant *Eliæzer* for
Isaac's Wife out of *Mesopotamia*.

THe Servant's sworn, therefore he must obey,
He loads his Camels, and he rides his way;
And from his Master *Abraham* arose,
Straightway to *Charan Eliæzer* goes,
And there he made the Camels rest them down
By th' well of water, plac'd without the Town.
Well, what was his intent? Why went he there?

Poeticall Applications.

To seek a Wife for *Isaac* out of *Seir*.
Was there no *Canaanitish Maids* for him?
Was there no Maids out of *Naharaim*?
No, there was none for *Isaac*, he must have
Others to match him than a *Demons* slave:
Hee'll to his Fathers house, and there hee'll get
One of his own Religion to be fit.
Then *Eliezer* standing by the Well,
Prayes unto God, and thinketh with himself
To seek a sign of God; which was no matter
To know his errand by the gift of water.
He prayes to God in heart, and found it so,
The sign was reall which God made them know,
No sooner he had implor'd within himself,
Then blest *Rebekah* she approacht the Well,
Rebekah acted all that he did crave;
Now is his wish fulfill'd, her must he have,
Its fore-ordain'd, and it is Gods decree,
Its this *Rebekah Isaacs* wife must be.

This was a fervent thought obtain'd a blisse,
Its ardent zeal and faith procures a wish:
The Lord will have the heart, else hee'll have nought,
If from the heart hee'll give what ere is sought;
A double heart the Lord loves not at all,
Who doeth this, serves not the Lord, but *Baal*.
Then boasts the Servant that his fortune's good;
No *Eliezer* had more Gratitude
Within him: For no sooner gets his prayer,
And saw his Masters God was no denyer
Of fervent suits, full of fidelity,

Then

Poeticall Applications.

Then doth he blesse the Lord, and glorify
The gracious God of's Master *Abraham*,
Who gave to him for which this Servant came,

This Servants care and diligence should be
A mark to servants in posteritie ;
So carefull for to thank the Lord, so free
Of gifts : For bracelets to the Maid gave he,
A golden Ear-ring or abillement ,
Nor eat, nor drink, till he had got consent :
His Message shew'd to *Laban*, and his prayer,
Beseeching them to grant him his desire.
There's nought to do, *Rebekah* must be gone,
Because they knew that God the thing had done.
With her consent, upon the morrow after,
Her Kins-folk blest her, and with him they left her,

What shall I do, heavens mighty Lord ? for I
Heavens baddest servant, yet constrain'd to flee
To thee my Master Jesus Christ, altho
I broke my Souls Indenture long ago.

O ! if thy heavenly Spirit could take mans way,
For every broken hour to serve a day ;

Then with the used dayes might sure be,
I'd hate all evil, and serve thee true.

But if Thy heavenly Nature be thus now

To this imperfect prayer, now

This to be acted on this sure

O ! then admit the Prayer of my

A nature to submit let me be given

To say, *Thy will be all'd on earth*

Yet, Lord, thou must not go till the

Poetical Applications.

Be fram'd aright, and taste thy Heavenly Water;
So shall my sin be quencht, and mortall strife
Shall passe, by drinking of the Well of Life.
But oh, alace! I have nought to propine;
Yes, Lord, a soul, then take't and make it thine;
But let it differ from *Rebekahs* so,
Yes, on thy arms; but in thy bosome too.

11. *Eſau* ſlights his birth-right.

UNhappy *Eſau*, was thy appetite
So raging, and so lusting after meat?
That for a measse of Pottage, ſuoꝑt thy Yeild
Or Birth-right? *Eſau*, why did not the Field
Afford thee Ven'ſon? why did not thy bow
More diligence upon thy prey beſtow?
There's many now receives ſuch like as he,
Who give themſelves to too much libertie.

We wander in earths field, and ere we come,
Some *Jacobs* for us hath ſuppli'd the roome.
But *Eſaus* appetite cannot forbear,
He ſlights his Birth-right; *Jacob* makes him ſwear.
Eſau is faint, yea, he is almoſt dead,
He values not the Birth-right now, but food.

The want of earthly things oft makes us ſell
A ſp'rituall gift, to gain a *pleaſant hell*.

Lord, I have wandred worſe, (if worſe may be)
Into the field of triſſling Vanitie,
And (*Eſau-like*) had offers to be bleſt,

Poeticall Applications.

And by my hunting vanities, have mist.
And though there's many by Thee blest since I,
Yet Lord give grace, and I will weep and cry.
Incline into my cries, although too late,
I know thy blessings ne're decrease a whit.
Lord, give me grace, for this shall be my wishing,
That thou wilt hear me, and bestow a Blessing.

12. *Jacob and Esau.*

HEe's lost his Birth-right, and his blessing too,
Esau is wroth, despairing what to do,
Thinking his losses to make up again,
He thus contrives, *His brother must be slain.*
There's many of this nature, or ther's some
Who acteth evill things that good may come.
Ill done, my freind, God knowes thy Sophistry,
Thou thinks it good, yet but apparently.
The Image of fine mettall, decked must
Above the waste, but see, the feet is dust.
Its ill contrived *Esau*, to begin
To mend thy losses with a new found sin,
Jacob hath got the blesse, by thy delay.
Jacob is blest, conduct'd another way:
Thy enterprize is vain, and thou had better
Bewail'd thy former sin, then act'd the same.
Jacob's conduct'd by God, but show me where
To *Padan-aram*, to *Rebekas* brother.
Morpheus approached, and the darksome night

Poeticall Applications.

Began to bid a *Vale* to the night.

So *Jacob* in his journey stayed † there,

† In a place
near Luz.

Untill *Aurora* pleased to appear.

The Clouds his Curtains, and his Pillow stone,

The Grasse the sheets, that *Jacob* rested on.

He ne're complains as many Worldlings would,

That's bed was hard, or yet his bed was cold,

No, he sleeps soft, thinks't as sufficient

To rest him there, as in his fathers Tent.

O! who would not this bed as sweet esteem'd,

If they'd seen the Vision, holy *Jacob* dream'd;

Me thinks I see the Angels of the Lord

Descending, and ascending, by his Word,

To holy *Jacob*, whom heaven did bequeath,

A shining Ladder, and the first step Faith.

Lord, elevate my heart, poure down in me

The grace t'attain the Ladders first degree:

Then step by step, my Soul it shall ascend

To heaven its top, where may my labours end.

Then *Jacob* he awoke, being in th'extream

Of doubting thoughts: thus for his holy dream!

Jacob arose with holy fear, and found

The place whereon he stood was holy ground,

And in the place of's sleep erect'd a Stone

Unto the Lord: and poured Oyl thereon.

He vow'd a Vow and past the Statue fro,

And unto *Padan-aram* did he go.

Lord if this wicked World do me reject,

Yet will I still confide in thy respects;

If it begin to vex my soul in spleene;

Poeticall Applications.

Onely to Thee who made me I'll complain.
And if I chance to make a Vow to thee,
Confirm it, Lord, and strengthen't more in me,
If to thy Glorie: if not, O heavenly God,
Pardon that Vow, which I have rashly made.

13. *Laban, Jacobs Uncle.*

AN Uncle, and unjustly to proceed
Pardon me, *Laban*, for I think't a deed
Not too too naturall for *Laban* to have done,
And unto *Jacob* too, his Sisters son:
Sure *Jacobs* seven years pains ow'd more dutie
Then to restrain him from thy *Rachels* beautie.

But O! Alace, we're oft conceited thus,
Whom good we ow, they purchase ill of us.
Labans deceit was cover'd till the day,
But how amaz'd was *Jacob*, when he lay
With soft-ey'd *Leah*: *Jacob* had not sought her,
Nor *Rachel* should been there, his younger daughter.
Her should he had, for she's the seven yeares hire,
As *Labans* younger *Jacob* did desire.

Labans apologic's but a slight excuse,
Because (sayes *Laban*) it's the countreys use,
If *Jacobs* service had not been too good,
Labans pretend'd excuse had not been made.

On *Jacobs* presence, *Labans* wealth depended,
He therefore dealt not just; mark how they ended.
Jacob he scorns to quite his long'd-for Bride,

There

Poeticall Applications.

Therefore for *Rachel*, as many yeares he'll bide.
The Lord commands, and *Jacob* must begone
Into the countrey of *Abrahams* sonne;
So *Laban* at's departure saw'e to be,
Jacob in wealch was stronger far then he.

Thus God makes all to know, that where his care
Wills to protect, no mortall needeth fear.
Though man deceive, and change thy wages oft,
Yet shall he make thy pricking couch more soft.
What e're way *Laban* promis'd, *Jacobs* hire
It was conform still unto his desire:
If spotted, then they were so at his call,
If diverse hew, they're party-colour'd all.
What ever way a *Laban* takes to crosse thee,
God makes that way to be a mean to blesse thee.
Lord, give me *Jacobs* patience, and his faith,
And I'll endure what e're a *Laban* saith.

14. *Jacob* encounters with *Esaie*.

I *Acob's* affraied, and he knowes no other
Way to appease the ire of his brother,
Then to present him with some gifts; for then
He knew the World was lov'd by worldly men.
But it was not the gift, neither the Giver,
That *Esauss* wrothfull countenance did sever
From *Jacobs* blood: 'twas the Almighty who
Wrestled with *Jacob*, and ordain'd it so.
Labans pursuit his Uncle's newly past,

Poeticall Applications.

God sav'd him here, but yet the worſe is laſt.
But all in vain, for he whom God defends,
Can ſcarce be frighted with the wicked's ends.
He who juſt now could aſted *Iacob* ill,
Is now conformed unto *Iacobs* will,
And *Eſau*, who 'gainſt *Iacob* hatred keeps,
Embraceth *Iacob*, and with *Iacob* weeps.

Who would not ſerve this God, who maketh thoſe
Become our friends, who formerly were foes.

The Devil, the World, corruption, and mine heart,
Againſt my ſoul, each takes anothers part;
And they are faſt conjoyn'd, the Enemy
That 'gainſt my Soul proclaimeth war to be,
Lord, I'll not ſeek to make them love me, but
Their bitter ſpleen let from my Soul be pur,
O gracious God, do this, that there may be
No let, betwixt thy countenance and me.
Disjoine my ſoul from guiltineſſe and ſinne,
And let them, Lord, abhorre to dwell therein,
Let me (with *Iacob*) wreſtle till I may
Receive a Bleſſing, where the Sin it lay.

15. *Joſeph's Brethren ſell him.*

WHat wicked plot? what deſperate deſign?
Nor grounded upon *Natures* Law, nor thine,
O gracious God: ſome ſeeks to kill the Child,
Some not, and ſome would murder in the field
The wandering boy: ſome thinks it rather fit

Poeticall Applications.

To strip him nak'd, and cast him in a pit.
So with the last they rest, their thoughts combines,
Thus to inclose him, and his sleepey signs,
And so alive, unjustly they interre him;
They think to crosse him, yet by this preferre him;
The *Ishmaelites* by God's conducted hither,
They un-pit *Ioseph*, and they sell their Brother.

How savage were their actings? how extream
In heat were they who sold him for a *Dream*?
What shall I say? our Saviour but excell'd
Ioseph ten pieces, when he thus was sell'd.
Was this your dutie, or Paternall fear,
That ye unto your Father ought to bear?
Was this your love to *Jacob*? was't your part
To sell your Brother? break your Fathers heart?
Ne're at your hearts inquiring, if it was
Lawfull to let him thus in slavery passe?
No, they fear nought at all, their hatred must
Break on the Dreamer, whether ill or just.
They act the deed, but thus their wits were shallow,
Ne're seeking after what the act might follow.

Even like the world, for we ne're once or never
Look to the *Sequel* of the act, but ever
Covet the pleasure of the ill, and when
The pleasure's past, we crawll beneath the pain.
The ill remains, look to the fading pleasure,
How't leaves us mocked in an emptie measure.

Yet a'l their grief is how to palliate
Their wickednesse to *Jacob*, and its that
They now inquire after: how to be

Poeticall Applications.

Brought from the open guilt of villanie.
Well, *Iosephs* speckled coat must now be good,
To cheat their ancient Father, dipt in blood;
Being contriv'd, the collour'd coat was brought
To *Iacob*, and this inquirie was sought,
Whether the coat was *Iosephs*, yea, or no?
Although the truth the Brethren did know,
What shall I say? the coat was known, and he
Who ought the son, and coat, was like to be
Devour'd with grief, before his childrens faces,
Crying aloud, *My Ioseph's rent in pieces.*
In which time *Ioseph* he was sold and gone,
To be preferr'd next unto *Egypt's* throne.

Thou foolish World, do with me what thou wilt,
Pir me, or sell me, yet I'll ever still
Call on the Lord, and He'll make up my losses;
So thus I'll blesse him, and deride thy crosses.

16. Of *Iosephs* Triall.

IS *Ioseph* gone, and sold in slavery so,
Unto a place which *Iacob* did not know?
Is this Gods care of *Iacobs* Seed, that he
Hideth his face when they're in misery?
Yes; God hath much care, and it cruelly seems
God thus direct'd him to fulfill his Dreams.

The man who would be Gods, must make himself
To taste the sowre, as well as reap the sweet.
In *Iosephs* crosses and in *Iosephs* care,
God is with *Ioseph*, *Ioseph* needs not feare.

Poetical Applications.

The Captain of the guard and *Ioseph's* one,
And are conjoyn'd in Love and union.
For *Iosephs* cause, *Iosephs* God did blesse
The Captains house, 'twas *Iosephs* God did this.
He found such favour under *Potiphar*,
That he bestow'd the totall charge and care
Of's house to *Ioseph*; *Potiphar* did take
None: for the Lord blest him for *Iosephs* sake.

But yet observe, *Iosephs* prosperitie
Was mingled with gloomie miserie:
The Lord Almighty often doeth measure
His people thus, to draw their hearts from pleasure,
And terrene joy; to elevate their Sp'rit,
Above the Circles of an *Hypocrite*:
Or God doth send such milerie, to try
Whether their Faith be constant, *ov or rat*.

Ioseph is now tempt with a lecherous dame,
Urging fair *Ioseph* to villanie and shame;
And when she saw her Lustfull Wish could not
Prevail with *Ioseph*, then she caught his coat:
It's *Iosephs* ruine that she now aspires
At.

Thus being frustrat of her vain desires,
Just now she loves him, hopes to enjoy some pleasure;
But now deny'd, she hates with greater measure;
And that same vice which she did labour in,
She layes on *Ioseph*, and she doth begin
With base deceit, and wicked impudence,
To palliate her own incontinence:
She accuses *Ioseph* of adultery
Therefore he must in prison lye.

Fall'sy

Poeticall Applications.

Falsly accus'd, yet thinketh nought of this,
For God with *Ioseph* in the Prison is.
God shew'd his mercy unto *Ioseph* there,
As well as in the house of *Potiphar*.
The strongest Prison-doors that *Pharaoh* had,
Could not exclude the love of *Jacobs* God.

God is a mighty God, and maketh those
For to befriend us, who would be our foes.
He hatred unto love, and war to peace,
Makes crossings easings, and afflictions cease.
God's great and powerfull, *All in All*; in this
We're non-plust, only, *HE IS WHAT HE IS*.
O gracious God, assure me that thou wilt
Be present with me, and I'll fear no ill;
In showers, nor Sun-shine, nor in war nor peace,
I'll never fear, give me but *Ioseph's* grace.

17. *Ioseph's* Preferment.

P*Pharaoh* has dream'd, he's vext, for none can show
The meaning of his Vision, neither know
His Sorcerers what *Pharaoh's* Dreams import,
Till the true Prophet *Ioseph* here resort.

Gods Riddles are too hie for humane wit
For to un-lock, his Servants must do it:
Its they must serve him, and obey him still.
True Ones are scarce, when false expound his will.
Well, *Ioseph's* sent for, and before they long
Expounds the Vision, and declares the thing.

*The Hand of God's to come, and Famine must
Fall on the Land before eight yeares be past.
Seven plenteous Crops must come, and there must be
One for to gather Stuff, that must supplie
The land of Egypt, ere the time should come
Wherein the Lord produc'd Earths barren womb.*

This is the Prophet of the Lord, for he
Shows both the future ill and remedie :
The Dream's expounded, and ther's none so fit
As *Iosephs* self, next to the King should sit.
Strange wonders here, a Prisoner set free,
Not only so, but cloath'd with dignitie.
Just now the Stocks and Irons are his cloathing;
He bears a golden Signet now, his chariot's froathing;
Ioseph is next the King, *Ioseph* cannot be harm'd,
At *Iosephs* call all Egpyt must be arm'd.
This was the Kings command, but was't his power ?
No, it was *Iosephs* God that was the doer.

18. *Iosephs* Brethren buy Corn of him
and they know him not.

THe Famine's sore in *Jacobs* house, and he
Must send to Egypt, there to get supplie ;
Well, they approach to *Ioseph*, *Ioseph* tries
His Brethren, and austere calls them Spies.
(With reverence and fear, they do produce
Their words, in every speech, *My Lord* they use ;
I say, with reverent speeches they decore
His Lordship, as himself had dream'd before.)

Poeticall Applications.

Not so my Lord, for we thy servants all
Are hither come, to buy some Victuall,
But *Ioseph* knew his Brethren, and it seems
He thus dissembled to fulfill his Dreams:
Yet still pretending not to know, he sayes
(And swears by *Pharaohs* life) the men are Spies;
Except their younger Brother come, by whom
Ioseph may know they have a house at home,
And Families, for to provide with store,
Then haste and send, chuse who shall be the doer;
And he shall be incastrate till your brother
Shall here approach, by conduct of the other.
And if he come, then will I see it true
That ye're no Spies, nor is no guile in you;
But *Ioseph* feared God, therefore he took
Another course; and as the men did look
Upon, he girded *Simeon* their brother,
Untill the rest went home to fetch the other;
Affliction straits them now, and they begin
Each one to murmur for their ancient sin:
One sayes, that we have sinned, and another
Objects, he warn'd them not to hurt their brother;
Sin not against the childe, did I not say?
For which we're bound now, and are said to spie.

A lamed Conscience in prosperitie
Is scarce perceiv'd, till gloomy miserie
Approach their borders; then they do begin
To weep too late, and to repent their sin.
The deed is acted, and the height of passion
From them is past, now by affliction

Poetical Applications.

The Captain of the guard and *Ioseph's* one;
And are conjoyn'd in Love and union.
For *Iosephs* cause, *Iosephs* God did blesse
The Captains house, 'twas *Iosephs* God did this.
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And that same vice which she did labour in,
She layes on *Ioseph*, and she doth begin
With base deceit, and wicked impudence,
To palliate her own incontinence:
She accuses *Ioseph* of adultery
Booth! therefore he must in prison lye.

Falshy

Poeticall Applications.

When protect thy Church, and let Her be
In holy Zeal practising Pietie.
Hasten thy Kingdom, Jesus Christ, and let
The powerfulnesse of *Satans* be abate!
Enrich the KING with wisdom, let him reign,
Give him the successe of a *pious King*.
Let all who hate him flee before his face,
And let his Tens drag Thousands in the chase.
Blesse thou our Nobles, Gentry, every thing
That knowes thy Name, blesse thou our gracious
KING.

F I N I S

Poeticall Applications.

Their conscience grieves them, and it doeth bid
The Brethren repent the wrong they did.
Behold the gain of wickednesse; for when
The pleasure's past, the evil doth remain:
And yet though *Ioseph* did pretend to be
Too rigorous, and full of cruelty,
Yet brotherly affection he retain'd
Within him, and his love to them remain'd.
Their Sacks he fill'd with Wheat and Victuall,
Their money is restor'd again to all.

How many hid conspiracies had they,
Ioseph approaching *Dothan* in the way?
The Instruments were ill, the end was good;
Ioseph was sold, for to provide them food
In time of Famine, though the men each one
Did act it, not with *right intention*.

But how are they repay'd? in the same measure?
No; *Ioseph* had of grace a greater treasure,
And gratitude: although his ancient Coat
Was party-colour'd, yet his *Mind* was not.
He fills their Sacks with Wheat, for to supplie
The emptie Garners of their Familie.

Had *Ioseph* not been sold in slavery, then
With want of Food his Brethren had been slain.

Had not Christ di'd, then surely we had all
Perish'd into the furie of his gall;
The famine of His mercie sure had made
Us to be starv'd for lack of heavenly Food.
I fear no famine, Lord, except there be
A famine of thy Word and Ministrie.

Poeticall Applications.

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F I N I S



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Several lines of faint, illegible handwritten text in the middle section.

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THE
CHRISTIANS
EXAMPLE:
OR,
JOB'S ADVERSITY.

By ARTHUR NASMYTH.

Behold we count them happy which endure.
Ye have heard the patience of Job, and have
seen the end of the Lord, James 5. 11,

Vincenti dabitur.

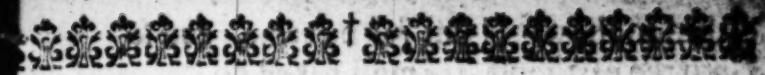
DEUS est Moderator Certantium,
& Corona Vinctum.
Te in vulnere CHRISTI foramina
absconde, & tutus à tentationibus
Diaboli eris.

EDINBURGH, Printed Anno, 1665.

AN ACROSTICK ON *JO Bb.*

*I*ust in thy wealth, and patient in thy pain,
O! show the man could do the same again :
*B*ack him with one, as patient as he,
being redacted to such miserie.

JO Bb.



T H E
CHRISTIANS EXAMPLE,
O R,
JOB'S ADVERSITIE.



How unconstant is this worldly Globe !
How different am I from holy Job ?
His sad affliction overflows his sin,
His equity exceeds his worldly pain ;
His grief's intolerable, and he knows
not why ;

His soul's tormented, and he longs to die :
The *Sabeans* they usurp his asses eating,
His children are destroyed at their meetings,
His sheep is burnt, his servants they are slain,
The curst *Caldeans* have his camels tane ;
The Eastern glory, and the *Orients* fame,
Is laid in dust ; His friends abhorre his name,
Yet all these crosses they will not suffice
To make just Job begin to calumnize
God, or blaspheme His holy Name ; but he
Must have a Wife to bid him, *Curse and die* ;
The Devil torments him, he inflames his skin
With ulcerous scabs ; to make him curse and sigh,
What's *Jobs* behaviour herein ? How doth he
Condole his state, and dolefull miserie ?

Nath

The Christians Example

Naked to the world just *Job* he came, and so
Unto the earth just *Job* must naked go.
Thus he breaks out in speech, and doth proclaim,
God gives and takes, blest be HIS HOLY NAME.
Yet all's not finisht, *Eliphaz* he must
Accuse *Job* fallie, groveling on the dust.
Jobs fear is false, therefore slide must his feet,
They say just *Job* is now an hypocrite.
Not being guilty, this adds to his wo,
They charge him with'these which he doth not know
Their speech torments him, he cries pittiouslie,
My sores they vex me; and I long to die :
My flesh is cloath'd with wormes, my skin is rent;
My sores are grievous, O that my dayes were spent;
My life's but wind, remember, and mine eye
No former pleasure shall behold or see.

Thus *Job* he speaketh, overcome with grief,
His Torments drowns him, he finds no relief.
He's overwhelm'd, and swallowed up with pain,
Breaks out in speech, and thus bemoans again;
What needs thou spend thy furious blasts on me ?
Why doth my pain increase so vehementlie ?
What needs thou poure the vials of thy wrath
On me, a wretch, who longs, expecting death ?
All day I groan, and wearie am with tears,
And when I think to rest at even, with fears
Of Dreams, and sleepe visions am affraid,
Therefore I'll die, and will not be dismay'd.
And since my terrene life's but frall, and short;
Death can do nothing, but bring me support.

Or, Jobs Adversitie.

orce hath he well bewail'd his state, when he
ets from the (*Shuhite Bildad*) a reply.

Bildad the Shuhite to Job.

How long shall I thus *Job* distempered find,
Utt'ring his words, like to a mighty wind ?
these thy Children have iniquitie
ommitted, let them thy example be ;
gh for thy sin, be thou but penitent,
nd God shall thee forgive incontinent :
hough sores torment and vex thee for a while,
et shall he turn, and make thy sighs to smile.

He whose remembrance doth deny a God,
his Hope shall passe without a firm abode ;
his trust shall be extirp't, his Faith's but ebbe ;
his Hope shall perish, like a spiders web.
f thou be God-ward, if thy froward will
Abhorre thy soul ; or if thou please no ill,
Then will thy God make thee for to rejoyce,
Because thy will submits unto his voice.
Then shall the Lord thy painfull sores depreesse ;
f not, he'll make thy troubles so increate.

Jobs answer to Bildad.

Then *Job* replies, confesseth God to be
Most great in power, and full of equitie,

42

By

The Christians Example,

(By Gods Omnipotence, he sheweth forth
 What is mans frailtie, and his brittle worth.)
 In whose heart dwelleth Wisdom, rich in strength;
 Whole foe can never prosper; but at length
 He beats them down-ward, and the mountains does
 Ov'r-turn at pleasure, by his angry blowes.
 He makes Earths pillars tremble, and he tyes
 The Sun, by his command it must not rise.
 He sealeth up the Stars, its he alone that spreadeth
 The Heavens, and on the Oceans surges treadeth.
 So *Job* proceedeth, labouring to discric
 The power of God, and his perplexitie.

Zophar the Naamathite, to Job.

THe Na'mathite *Zophar*, he to *Job* replies;
 A talker to be just, he quite denyes:
 He reprehends *Job* fallie, and he sayes,
Job speaks unjustly, and he utters lies.
Job thinks himself so just, that he denyes
 To be ov'reome with man, and so he cryes,
 My Doctrine's pure, I'm clean into Gods eyes;
 But thy friend, *Zophar*, understands thy lies.
 O! then that God would speak, & open's mouth 'gainst
 For he hath exact'd less then thine iniquitie (chee
 Deserved.
 Canst thou, by vain scrutation, find out
 The hie perfection of the Lord, about
 Whose loins is girded strength, pow'r in his hand?
 What humane wisdom can his will gainstand?

Or, Jobs Adversitie.

Man knowes scarce what he ought, he comes behind
Of very Humane wit, so cannot find
The wisdom of the Lord ; nor can he know
The heighth of Heaven, the breadth of Earth, and so
Since they do stick in humane wit, how can
The heighth and breadth of God be found by man ?
If in thy breast be found iniquitie,
Reject it then, let goodnesse dwell in thee :
If thou turn Heav'n-ward, thou shalt successe have
To all thy souls necessities can crave.
Then shalt thou lift thy face, and stedfast be,
And prosper : then reject iniquitie,
But wicked men, shall not escape at all,
But as a blast of breath, they perish shall.

Job to the Naamathite.

BEgreas'd with grief, poor *Job* rose up and said,
Ye vex my soul, with a vain-glorious aid ;
Ye speak with words, but do not feel my pain,
Freinds, where's your comfort ? what's your verbal-
Ye speak without experience, ye feel (gain ?
Not what your tongue does bitterlie exhale :
Ye think your selves too wise, above my brain,
Ye do deride me, when I long in pain ;
Ye do despise me in adversitie,
Ye do rejoyce when me in pain ye see,
I'm mocked of my neighbours, and they say
There's none that fears God but such men as they.

The Christians Example.

God doth fulfill their frail, and vaine desire,
So they obtain all that their hearts require.
Their thoughts are terren, they know nought but this,
Speak heavenly, and they know not what it is.
They think that none obtains Gods favour, and
None doth their earthly errors understand
But they themselves.

Ask but the Creatures, and they will declare
How apt these people to provoke God are.
Ask but the Creatures, they will shew thee then
That God hath wrought this, *and the thing* hath done.
Can they with God compare in depth of wit?
If he break down, can they then fasten it?
When he commands the waters for to stay,
There do they stand, and go no other way.
Strength in him dwells, and wisdom in his heart :
His Ordinance hath power in every part.
The counsell of the Wise he can destroy,
And can bereave them of their health or joy.
No wonder this, he can do greater things,
Seducting Princes, and subduing Kings :
Their greatest pow'r and might he doth ov'rthrow;
Consumes their wisest counsell by his blow.
This have I seen, and heard, and understood,
That God is glorious, mercifull and good.
My wisdom's not inferiour to your wit,
Not my experience subject unto it.
Therefore I'll speak to th' Lord of his abode,
And utter my affection unto God.
Your greatest care's to forge invective lies;

Or, *Jobs Adversary.*

Yet ne're apply the Cure to the Disease.
O ye my friends, if ye could hold your peace,
That ye might be esteemed to be wise:
For Gods defence will ye speak wickedly;
Or for his cause will ye deceitfull be?
Then hold your peace, and let me speak alone,
Without a cause do I my self bemoan?
If I defend not my own cause, sure then
I'll be condemn'd, and wrong'd of every man.
With-hold these things, O God, and then I shall
Give answer to thee when thou please to call.
Withdraw thine hand, and free me from these sores;
Let not this fear, which nightly me devours,
Oppresse me more; O then I'll to thee say,
Speak to me, Lord, and sure I will reply:
Or let thine ear incline to me, and bow,
Then will I speak, (great God) and answer thou;
Then *Job* was tortur'd and his paines invited
Him to bemoan: and being thus incited,
With God he reason'd, saying, What's my sin?
Shew me these errors that are truly mine,
Why dost thou hide thy countenance, when I
Do seek relief? Am I thine Enemy?
Sure man that's born of woman, is but few
Of dayes, and passeth as the morning dew:
He cometh forth, resembling much the Flower;
Grows up in Spring, fades with *October* shower.
Then being so frail, why doth thy glorious Feature
Open thine eyes on such a passing Creature?
Thus *Job* proceeds in speech, and doth declare,

The Christians Example

by sin, how creatures they subjected are,
Unto corruption.

Eliphaz the Temanite to Job.

Then *Eliphaz* to *Job* did answer make
Showing, wise men no vanity should speak,
Nor with unpleasant words should they dispute;
All which to *Job* he fallſly doth impute:
Saying, all fear thou *Job* rejected haſt,
Retaining ſin, where Prayer ſhould be plac't :
Thou ſpeaks as thoſe who loveth to contemn
God ; for your ſpeech it doth it ſelf condemn.
Therefore men may perceive it is not I
Who ſpeak 'gainſt thee, thy mouth doth teſtify.
What can thy wiſdom comprehend ; but we
Thy neighbouring freinds, can know as well as thee?
No wonder we thy torments do deride,
Thou'ſt ſo ungratefull, thy pernicious pride
Elevates it ſelf above the ſtarry Sky,
That thou rejects Gods comfort, and deny
For to ſuccumb, when we thee counſell give :
Thou ſpeakſt to God without his holy leave ;
Thou ſpeakſt with ſpight exceſſive in all meaſure,
And answers God in ſpirit, at thy pleaſure.
Thus having ſaid, he doth deſcry the ill
Beſalls a man of a depraved will :
Eſteeming *Job* one of thoſe men to be,
And ſo forthwith his curſe he'll let him ſee.

Or, *Jobs Adversitie.*

Jobs answer to Eliphaz.

Then answer'd Job, in midst of sad vexation;
Will ye ne're end these words in ostentation
Produc'd by you? who doth esteem't but small
Not to comfort me, *miserable are ye all.*
The terrors of God are so sad on me,
That though I speak, yet they'll not 'swaged be:
Nor will my silence make my pain to cease;
To hold my tongue, will give me no release,
By reason of my bitter tears and cries,
My face is dry'd, death's portray'd on mine eyes:
My knowledge cannot be sufficient,
To comprehend the cause of punishment,
And though in me be no iniquity,
And though my Pray'r without hypocrisie
Be pure, unfeigned, yet thou dost inflict
Crosses on me, thine arrows in me stick.
If I be such as ye accuse me, then
Let me no favour or no love obtain.
And though I be condemn'd and judg'd by man;
Yet God's my Witnesse, my Record's in heav'n:
Your words are chois'd, but void of comfort are,
Even so could I, if in your stead I were.
Therefore his eyes breaks out to God in tears,
Being tormented with his daily fears:
Breaks out in passion indeliberately,
And speaks to God as though his Majesty,
Should be more tender, 'cause mans time's so short,
And so Job wisheth in this very sort:

The Christians Example

by sin, how creatures they subjected are,
Unto corruption.

Eliphaz the Temanite to Job.

THen *Eliphaz* to *Job* did answer make
Showing, wise men no vanity should speak,
Nor with unpleasant words should they dispute;
All which to *Job* he falsly doth impute:
Saying, all fear thou *Job* rejected hast,
Retaining sin, where Prayer should be plac't:
Thou speaks as those who loveth to contemn
God; for your speech it doth it self condemn.
Therefore men may perceive it is not I
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That thou rejects Gods comfort, and deny
For to succumb, when we thee counsell give:
Thou speakest to God without his holy leave;
Thou speakest with spight excessive in all measure;
And answers God in spirit, at thy pleasure.
Thus having said, he doth descry the ill
Befalls a man of a depraved will:
Esteeming *Job* one of those men to be,
And so forthwith! his curse he'll let him see.

Or, *Jobs Adversitie.*

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Yet God's my Witnesse, my Record in heav'n
Your words are chois'd, but void of comfort are,
Even so could I, if in your stead I were.
Therefore his eyes breaks out to God in tears,
Being tormented with his daily fears:
Breaks out in passion indeliberately,
And speaks to God as though his Majesty,
Should be more tender, 'cause mans time's so short,
And so Job wisheth in this very sort:

The Christians Example,

O that a man might plead with God, as he
With his next neighbour can familiar be :
For now at Deaths door I in torment ly,
And my friends vex me, speaking bitterly.
My dayes are past, corrupted is my breath,
The grave is ready, and I look for death ;
And though my fancie should expect to be
Released from my grief, obtain prosperitie ;
Yet shall my soul my body frail unlace,
And *Earth* in earth shall be my dwelling place :
And my dialogue with corruption,
(Because the hope of Parentage is gone)
Be thou my Father, worms be thou my mother,
Be ye my sister, for I have no other.

The Shuhite Bildad to Job.

THen said the Shuhite, *Job*, when will ye make
A period to your speech ? then will we speak,
Sharpen our wit, and we will understand,
And we shall answer when thou shalt command.
Why does thou think us like the *Animal*
Of *Brutish-nature*, beasts irrationall ?
Thou teares thy soul, as one whose wits incline
To be made Ship-wrack, when they do begin
To rage in passion, art thou such a Creature
For whom the Lord should change his way of nature ?
God will extinguish surely all the light,
And glory of the wicked in his sight.

Her'l

Or, Jobs Adversity.

Hee'l not permit them for to stand but fall,
Hee'l quench their sparks in furie of his gall:
Hee'l not escape, fear in his house shall dwell,
Though man should pittie, yet the Lord he shall
Consume himself, waste his Posteritie,
And all his kindred shall ex-irpat be.
This is his dwelling, this is his abode,
Whose will's deprav'd, and who denyes a God.

Jobs reply to Bildad.

Then answer'd *Job* to *Bildad*, Why do ye
Reuerat your talk to torture me?
With speeches, not according to my pain,
Ye oft reproach me, and your talk's in vain.
Ye're not asham'd, ye are too impudent
To me-ward: If I erre, my punishment
Turns to my self, and here it shall remain
With me: *My sin shall be correct'd with pain.*
Then being full of grief, he brasteth out,
His passion swelleth, and he cattereth out
This talk, declaring, that his grief and pain
Proceeds from God: he cannot ease obtain.
My Seed's destroy'd, and I am left alone,
And though I cry, to answer there is none.
He'ch interjected great afflictions to
Into my way, that free I cannot go:
His wrath 'gainst me is kindled, and its I,
Whom God esteems his very Enemy.

The Christians Example,

My Brethren, Neighbours, have forsaken me,
And He who knew me even familiarlie,
They have forgotten me; they know not when
My grief increaseth, and my daily pain.
I call'd my *Servant*, but he did deny,
Stranging to see me in *such misery*:
My *Wife* she shut me from her memorie,
Also the wicked they despised me.
Yet all their griefs they will not satisfy;
But even my body is in cruelty,
Torrur'd with pains, my bones cleave to my skin.
Have pittie friends, and do no more begin
For to condemn me for an Hypocrite:
Ye should comfort me, for my slippery feet
Are near to fall; for God hath touched me
So with his hand, that I am like to die.
Is't not enough that God doth persecute
And vex me so; but ye must also do't?
Ye do increase my pain, my flesh will not
Stay your desires: but ye do ope your throat
To vex my soul, and tear my mind in spleen;
Ye rave in speech, I know not what you mean;
Ye judge me a blasphemer, and contrives
Wrong things on me: *But my Redeemer lives;*
Him shall I see. Him shall mine eyes behold,
Though once (with worms) my flesh must rot in mo'd.
Sure God will once revenge himself on you
Who judge me so; and yet ye know not how.
Surely He tries my Faith, that I may be
A good example to Posteritie.

Or, Jobs Adversitie.

Zophar to Job.

MY Heart's so pregnant, that it cannot hold;
My Tongue would speak, & so it makes me bold;
The Spirit of my Knowledge makes me know
That I can answer, and confute thee too.
Does not thine Understanding reach to this;
To know, *The joy of evill men shortned is?*
And tho his glory reach unto the sky,
His head to Heav'n, yet his excellency
Shall be destroyed; and he, like the dust,
Shall be extirpate, and he perish must:
And though (in ostentation) he do seem
Most firm, yet shall he passe like to a dream;
And though he does appear, before mens sight,
Famous a while, with a dissembled light,
Yet shall he passe like to a Vision vain,
That thought enough, yet nothing did remain.

In all which Zophar trieth if he can
Prove tortur'd Job to be a wicked man:
Because that God had chang'd his prosperous dy,
And turn'd his wealth into adversity.
Zophar proceeds, descrying this wickhall,
To wit, *The Wicked's state, and finall fall.*

Jobs Answer to Zophar.

Hear ye my words, and mark attentively,
And it shall be a comfort unto me;

The Christians Example.

Hold but your peace, friends, let me speak, and when
I *Iob* have finish'd, then ye may *mock on*.

Is not my speech direct'd to God? am I
Speaking to man? yet Hee'll not answer me:

Should not my spirit then be tortur'd sore,
That speaks in vain, and so I'm vext therefore?

Why does the wicked's breath so long endure?

They live (*in Age, in Health, in Wealth*) secure;

Their families are safe without the Rod

Of the Almighty, or the *hand of God*:

His *Flocks* ingender, and they do not misse,

Like sheep the number of his *Children* is,

They do rejoyce them with the Organs sound,

And without languor they go to the ground:

Yet all their speech to God's, *Depart*; for we

Despise the Wisdome that pertains to thee:

Who is the Lord God, that we should subject

Ourselves to Him? Should we bow down our neck

To the Almighty? And what is our gain

To pray to God? do we not pray in vain?

God lends to them, their wealth is not their own,
It's turn'd to nought, if God begin to frown.

Their wicked counsell put thou far from me,

Hide me, O Lord, from their prosperitie:

Surely they'll be consumed as the straw,

Or as the chaffe the storm does bear away:

His eyes shall see that he shall go to death,

And fill his mouth with the *Almighties* wrath.

Or, Jobs Adversity.

What man on earth dare boldly undertake
To teach God knowledge ? who, for's wisdoms sake,
Judgeth the highest, and makes the wicked be
Pow'rfull on earth, full of prosperitie.
The wicked in their strength do live and die :
Not so the Godly ; for they bitterlie
Give up the ghost ; they never in a world
Do eat with pleasure, but from thence are hurl'd :
Yet both their Corps meet in the earth, and they
D U S T in the *D U S T* must there together ly.
Your mind is opt before me, and I know
The bad device whereby ye wrong me do :
Ye stil'd my house, (but in derision)
The PRINCES TABERNACLE ! Now it's gone:
What is your consolation ? Is't not vain ?
Since in your answer nought but *L I E S* remain.

Eliphaz to Job.

CAN humane Justice or thy righteous way
Be gain to God ? Yea sure thy goodnesse may
In no way profite th' Almighty God above :
For fear of thee will He thy wrongs reprove ?
Great is thy sin and thine iniquitie,
And hath been cruell without charitie :
Thine own advantage still ; Thou didst prefer
Before the poor, and such as weary were :
With water thou didst not relieve their need,
Nor to the hungry diddest render bread.

The Christians Example,

Thy wrong abounded when Authority
Thou didst enjoy: therefore God took't from thee,
Not onely good thou hast omitted, but
Committed ill; *Orphans* will witnesse it:
The *Widow* sure thou hast cast emptie out;
Therefore bad Inares do compasse thee about.
Yet in thine heart remains impiety,
Saying to God, *How can his Majesty*
See through the dark? How can his wisdom know
Things done on earth? things acted here below?
Repent therefore, acquaint thy self with God,
That thou with him mayst have a firm abode.
Make peace with God, O *Job*, do not deny
To call to God; then shall prosperity
Attend thy presence. O *Job*, *Job*, return,
Expell all sin, repent, delight to mourn,
Till from thy Soul sin it be overpast;
Then shalt thou store up *Ophir's Gold* as dust:
Then shall th' Almighty thy Protector be,
And from all ill he shall deliver thee.
Even for thy sake the Lord will keep the *Land*,
Thus for the *truth* and *purenesse* of thine hand.

Jobs reply to Eliphaz.

Then answered *Job*, born down with smart
O grief: which now's indweller in his heart;
Complaining, that his stroak and plague it was
More then his groaning: though in bitterness,

Or, Jobs Adversity.

His weary talk and frosty speech abode.
Yet would he reason with th'almighty God,
Saying ;
Would he dispute against me by his might ?
No, surely he would rather frame me right
To answer Him ; and so be safe by power
Even of my *J U D G E*, and make my self the *Daer*;
All *Nautick Points* I seek, and cannot find
Him ; for he seeks me, and he tries my mind :
And though he does my tracts and steps behold,
Yet shall he find me purer than the gold.
I have his foot-steps follow'd, and his way
Have I declin'd ? Ask and I'll answer, *Nay*.
Yet doth his favour passe away from me,
He must, he will, perform his just decree
Of me ; though sure my God he does intend
Still to ordain me for a gracious end :
Therefore His presence makes me be dismay'd,
I meditate of Him, and am afraid :
The cause of which ye may perceive in two ;
* *No end Job sees : † No cause he daerth know.*

Then *Job* descries the wickednesse of him
Who loves to rob, and who affects to climb
In height of Error, (or it's rather worse)
Usurping falsely the poor Orphan's Horse,
And Widows Ox, they make the Poor a prey,
So that they're forc'd to turn another way.
They are laborious ! but (I pray) for what ?
In rising early, and in waking late,

The Christians Example,

For to bereave the poor-man of his store,
 They'll have his *Gleaning* though he had no more;
 The wicked they combine, and these they are,
 The *Man bloodt-hirsty*, the *Adulterer*.
This riseth early, and he kils the Poor,
That loves the night, loves to enjoy the whore.
 Though God doth suffer them to breath a while,
 Yet Hee'll not still permit his loving smile
 To hold in their Horizon, though for a time;
 But will at length correct them for their crime.
 They did not weep when others lay in pain,
 Therefore, for them, men weeping shall restrain;

Of the Almightyes judgements none can show
 A perfect reason, Friends, is it not so?
 Now if ye please, to prove me in the by,
 Produce Objections, and *Job* shall reply.

Bildad to Job.

Then answer'd *Bildad*, though the Lord be slow
 To punish evil, will he forget it? No:
 And though he tempts the Godly, and doth try
 Them, yet at length hee'll send prosperity.
 Who from Gods presence can but hide his face,
 What is obicur'd from his transcendent grace?
 Cannot the Lord extinguish even the light
 Of gloomy *Phebe*? unclean in his sight

Or, *Jobs Adversity.*

Are all the Stars: then what is man (when they
Are blot by him) that's subject to decay
Even almost hourly? blown by any storm,
To be compar'd to nothing but a worm.

Jobs reply to Bildad.

NOW answer, *Bildad*, on whose side art thou?
Or what conclude ye, I would gladly know?
Needs the Almighty help for to confute
Me, who am helpless, and left destitute?
Whom gives thou counsell? him who hath no wit?
Whom helps thou *Bildad*? prethee shew me it:
Speaks thou for him, whose ever-piercing eye,
Into the dark, can secret mines discry?
The earth's uncloath'd before Him, and there's none
Can hide him from the *Graves corruption*.
The *Equinoctial Zodiack*, and *Zones*,
He makes (in brief, the very spacious Heavens)
To turn about the *Artick-Pole*: and he
Binds up the *Waters* in the cloudy Skie.
The Lord withdraws the visage of his Throne,
And stretcheth out the dark Clouds thereupon.
With bands the Lord the Floods hath set about,
So that they cannot erre, nor wander out;
Untill the Lord shall make *Earths Period*,
And till the World shall be reform'd by God.
The Standarts of the high Celestial Skie
Shall tremble at his glorious Majesty.

The Christians Example,

The proud Undatious wonder at thy power,
 And calms his passion to behold the *D O E R* :
 So if these few shew His Omnipotence,
 His glorious Pow'r, and witty Providence,
 Then unto what would His great Might extend,
 If man could all His Actings comprehend ?

But He hath so afflicted me, that I
 Cannot be known to rest in equity :
 For worldly creatures judge by outward signs,
 And so are ign'rant of my hearts designs.
 But, till the *King of Terrors* threaten death,
 And till my throat exhale its fatall breath,
 Still shall my lips refrain from that that's ill,
 Likewise my tongue from uttering any guile.
 The Lord forbid that I should justifie
 Who me condemn, because *Gods hand's on me* ;
 Nor will I ever say, that God hath done
 This unto me for sins correction.
 Sure Justice in my spirit shall be plac't,
 My heart shall not rebuke me for time past ;
 Like to the wicked shall mine enemy,
 So like the unjust shall that person be,
 Who rise against me : Sure his hope's in vain
 Who stores up riches with laborious pain ;
 Then God removes his soul, and it doth ly,
 And though he pray to God, Hee'l not reply.
 Will *THIS* delight into the Lord ? Will he
 Call on the Lord ? Will he on God rely ?
 Though he should store up silver as the dust,
 Yet should it be possessed by the Just.

His cottage on the slippery place he staves,
 His death's not quiet, but he op's his eyes,
 And so is gone: they have no quiet home,
 Nor are they gather'd to their fathers tomb.
 Each man shall have him in derision,
 Thus they're subjected to destruction.
 Then *Job* proceedeth, and he doth declare
 How dark to man Gods secret works they are.
 Scarce ought at all, but may be limited,
 Except the wisdom of th'eternall God,
 Which passeth all the scrutiny of man
 To understand the wonders which He can.
 He breaketh Rivers in the Rocks, and He
 Each precious *Mine* and *Mineral* doth see.
 The Floods are knit together by his hand,
 That it cannot ov'r-flow its worsted land.
 And though almost his terrene power be known,
 Yet heavenly, it to him cannot be shown.
 Its elevat too high for man to climb
 To it, too good to be obtain'd by him
 Who lives on Earth: and him who *Earth* but is,
 So *Earth* on *Earth* doth heavenly wisdom misse.
 If on the Sea ye seek'd, it shall deny,
 Saying *Gods wisdom is not found in ore*
 It cannot be exchanging'd with Gold, nor with
 The weight of Silver its not got: then fish
 Wisdom's so rare, since there's no earthly meat
 Whereby we can, or may the same obtain,
 Then go to God, and he will to thee show
 How thou shalt wisdom and his knowledge know.

The Christians Example,

The Lords Dialogue unto man is this,
Fear ye the Lord, for it much wisdom is.
Yet *Iob* proceeds, complaining of the time
Wherein the Lord Almighty favour'd him;
And of the time that God in Majesty,
Had bravely deck'd him with prosperity.
I walked out unto the Judgement Seat,
When't was prepar'd ev'n in the very street.
The Princes stay'd and beheld my wit,
They wondred at my wisdom *and stood mute*:
The ear that heard me, blest me, and the eye
That saw my Justice, fell a praising me.
The *Orphans* need I banisht, and I did
Relieve the helplesse; I delivered
Whose need almost constrain'd them for to die:
So blessings on me rain'd abundantlie.
I cloath'd my self with Justice, I put on
A righteous judgment, and it was my crown,
Eyes to the Blind, Feet to the Lame was I;
The *Poor* no Orphans, when they knew of me:
Not only I reliev'd these in distresse,
But also did th'unrighteous depresse.
Then with my self I said, *Sure I shall die*
Without all trouble, without misery.
Like to the Sand my dayes shall multiply,
For I am groundd in felicity.
Unto my Speech each *Rationall* gave ear,
When I gave counsell they rejoyc'd to hear.
After I spake, to answer there was none,
My speech in them took such impression,

But

But now I'm chang'd unto another dye,
 Contemn'd by these who younger are then I;
 By these whose fathers I would not permit
 Them with the dogs of my flock to be set.
 On me they try their voices for to tune,
 They me abhor, my company they shun.
 Therefore my Soul is poured out upon me,
 My life it fails, the darts of grief are on me.
 My pains do compass me about, and I
 Perceive my garments, by its veh'mency,
 Have chang'd their colour to a darker dy,
 God hath redact'd me to such misery.
 Thou dost dissolve my substance, makes me ride
 Upon the wind: my strength doth not abide.
 When I expected nought but good, O! then
 Affliction came upon my Soul; and when
 I sought for comfort, and expected light,
 Then was I mock'd, and darkn'd was my sight.
 My skin's obscured with afflictions,
 With heat of pain consumed are my bones:
 Therefore my gladnesse it is turn'd to wo,
 And when I should rejoyce, I mourning go.
 I kept mine eye from wanton looks, and I
 Feared to sin against his Majesty.
 Only its He, *the Author of days*,
 Who tells my steps, and doth behold my wayes:
 But if my steps have turn'd at all aside,
 Or if my feet did hasten them to slide,
 Then let me sow (according to the Law)
 And let these reap these, which I did not know.

The Christians Example,

If I at all restrain'd the poors desire,
Or any thing the needy did require;
Or made the Widow long for her request,
Or ate my meat, without the Orphans taste:
Or hath not eaten what my self, and I
Maintain'd the Widows cause right carefully.
If I the poor, for want of cloath have leen
Ready to die, without a covering:
If I not cloath'd him: if he blest not me,
If to the Orphans I did injurie:
*Then, let my arme with foul corruption
Rut from the shoulder, broken be the bone.*
Yet not for man, nor humane fear did I,
Refrain from such, but for Gods Majesty.
His punishment was fearfull unto me,
And from his pow'r, I could not safelie be.
If hope of gold I plac'd at all in me,
Or did rejoyce in my prosperitie;
(For this is sin to be condemned too,
For I'd deny'd the God above, if so.)
If I rejoyc'd at his destruction,
Who hated me, when ill came him upon.
Neither my mouth have suffered to be
Sinfull in cursing this mine enemy.
O, that I had some for to hearken me!
God is my witnesse, he will testifie
My righteous cause; though mine Adversarie
(In bitterness) should write a book 'gainst me.
Should I not think't a glorie, and I'd show
To him my steps, my life I'd make him know.

Or, Jobs Adversity.

If I have holden wages from their hand,
I say, from those who labour'd in my land:
Or if by me the masters vexed were,
Or did delight to be Extorrioner:
Then let, in place of *Wheat*, rank *Thistles* grow,
And *Cockle* spring, where I did *Barley* sow.

*So here Job he ends
His talk to his friends.*

Elihu the *Buſite*, ſon to *Barachel*, ſon to *Nachor*, the brother of *Abraham*; he who hadn ot formerly ſpoken, thus breaketh his ſilence to *Job*.

THe *Buſite* then, (being wroth) *Barachel* ſor,
Reply'd to *Job*. (ſince now remained none
To ſpeak) Ye're old; therefore afraid was I
To ſhew my minde, too too deliberately.
Thinking within me to be taught of theſe
Who had a full experience in dayes.
O ! be attentive, Friends, I'll gladly ſhow
What's my opinion, and my mind to you :
Behold I heark'ned unto your intent,
Whilst ye 'gainſt *Job* your reaſons did invent;
And when I have conſider'd your reply,
None of you answer'd him effectually.
Yet hath he not direct'd his words to me;
Nor by your words, to him will I reply.

And so they fearing, every one stood mute,
 Desisting speech, to me they answered not.
 So I reply'd (who had not spoke before)
 Having conceived in my minde great store.
 I'll not accept of wealth nor dignity,
 But ope my lips, and speak the truth will I:
 Nor will I (lest the Lord should suddenly
 Take me away) by any flattery
 Befriend my self with man, and cloak the truth?
 Then *Elihu* to *Job* expressly sheweth;
 That God hath diverse means to extrahat
 Man from his sin, and his soul from the pit.
 As oft as man repeats, the Lord will turn
 And save his soul from the tormenting Urn.
 Then be attentive, *Job*, and I will speak,
 Hearken to me, and do thou silence keep.
 But if thou doubt of any thing, or see
 'Casion to speak against it, answer me:
 For in my minde, I have a great desire
 To justifie thee, then be no deny'r
 To hear me speak, and hold thy tongue, then I
 Will give and teach thee wisdom, by and by.
 O! then ye Friends, who are esteemed wise,
 Hear ye my speech, for words the ear tries:
 Let us examine, let us seek to know
 What ill's amongst us, and what ill we do;
 For righteous *Job*, himself he doth declare,
 Sayes his afflictions they too heavy are.
 What man's like *Job*, who is compell'd to be
 A drunkard, of reproach and villanie?

Or, *Jobs Adversity.*

He overturns *Jobs* words, and sayes that he
Thought godlinesse it could no profit be:
Whereas *Job* sayes, Gods children often be
Afflict'd on earth, when wicked ones go free.
But *Elihu* proceeds, and doth declare
How righteous God's, how just his judgments are:
How far his power extends all earthly might,
How he can open secrets done in night.
And so he rails on *Job*, as though he did
Despise the Lord, and vainly speak to Gods
Saying, If in thy pow'r it doth not ly,
To contradict the clouds, therefore will ye
Instruct the Lord? if thou iniquitie
Commit 'gainst him, what hurt receiveth he?
If thou be just, then, *Job*, I will demand,
What then obtains God at thy righteous hand?
Thy perverse actions, and thy wickednesse
May hurt a man, and may a man oppresse.
But to the Lord cannot; nay, let alone,
To God there can be no comparison,
There's no malicious deed, nor cruell end,
Can hurt the Lord, or to the Lord extend.
If the oppress'd requir'd the help of God,
His paines would passe into a period.
Perhaps they'll cry in pain, but not in faith,
(As feeling heavenly mercies) he not hath
Gods answer therefore, though he ly in pain,
Thus therefore *Job* doth ope his mouth in vain.
For if the Lord should punish him as he
Deserves, to speak he could not able be.

He

Yet *Elihu* proceeds in speech and sayes,
 Just are Gods doings, righteous are his wayes;
 Who doeth not the wicked crew maintain,
 But yet the Godly doth of him obtain
 Honour and pow'r: they are exalted so,
 That touching but their hearts their sin they know.

But we're so checkt by our infirmity,
 That we behold not his excellency.
 What man is pow'rfull, for to understand
 The mighty wonders acted by his hand?
 The dark divisions of the clouds who can
 Descrie them rightly? sure its not in man.
 The colder Vapour, and the hot (in ire)
 Meets one another, and engenders Fire.
 All which by G O D. —————

God thunders greatly with his Voice, and he
 Acts things too deep for poor mans inquirie.
 He makes the rain descend on Earth, and so
 He doth appoint the white-congealed Snow
 To lye on heaps, so that it shutteth man
 Up in his house, the beast into its den:
 That all may know his greatnesse and his pow'r,
 Blessing his name, adoring such a Doer.
 When he begins to breath, the Frost is given
 The Water's dried, and the Floods are driven
 Or for correction, or to ripe the Land,
 Either in mercy, or his heavy hand,
 Sends he his rain, confect'd of diverse nature
 Or cold, or hot, or to supply the Creature

Or, Jobs Adversity.

O hearken, *Job* ! consider this, and stand
Mute, and admire the actions of his hand.
Doth this thy wisdom reach at all to know
When God dispos'd them ? Knowes *Job* ? surely, No.
Or doth thy understanding reach to see
His wonders in the clouds varietie ?
Like to a molten Glasse canst thou outstretch
The strengthen'd Heavens ? Or canst thou over-reach
In Understanding, him, whose perfect wit
Loves none at all that's wise in self-conceit ?
He's excellent in pow'r, and therefore let
Men fear his Justice. He afflicteth not
Without a cause. So *Elihu* holds still,
Leaving toil'd *Job*, and left his speech untill

{ *Him who was then* }
{ *Tortur'd with pain.* }

THE

THE
Summe of the Ensuing Verses.

GOD speaks to Job,
Declares His might,
And Job repenteth
In His sight;
Prayes for his friends,
And they're set free:
So Job's restor'd
To libertie.
His goods increase
And multiplie;
In double sort
Restored be.

Being enriched on this wayes,
Job dieth, being full of dayes.

GOD to Job.

Then spake the Lord with glorious Majestic,
 And answer'd Job out of the whirlwind hie.
 His voice was fearful, that frail Job might know
 With what a dreadfull Spirit he had to do;
 Inquiring sharply, who they were that did,
 By foolish knowledge, seek the mind of God.
 Who seeks his secret counsell, and the more,
 By vain scrutation, made it still obscure.
 Gird up thy loins, Job, like unto a man,
 I will demand, and answer if thou can.
 What essence hadst thou, when the Lord, even I,
 Gave being to this darkned *Mass of clay*?
 Now answer Job, if this thou dost know
 Or understands it, prethee to me show.
 Tell who is he, that laid *Earth's Corner-Stone*;
 How are its low Foundations plac'd thereon?
 When morning Stars they praised me, and when
 The *Sons of God* did praise me. (called mine.)
 Or who hath shut the fuming moving Sea,
 And wrapt it up with bands, as *Isaiah* he:
 Commanding it thither to come, and not
 For to walk further in its course a jot?
 Since thou had being, since thy late some dryer,
 Hast thou made light, or made the Morning rise?

The Christians Example,

Have mortall *Gates* been subje&t unto thee ?
Or hast thou known how broad the earth to be ?
Where is the way where perfect light doth dwell ;
Or where's the dark ? Sure if thou canst thou'lt tell !
Who is the father of the rain then shew ?
Who hes begot the watry drops of dew ?
Out of whose belly did proceed the ice ;
Or tell by whom the frost ingendred was ?
Is the influence of *Pleiades* at all
Restrain'd by thee ? makes thou his bands to fall ?
I mean *Orion* : Or canst thou produce
Mazzaroth (*Zodiack* some to call it use)
In his own time ? Or dost thou know so far
To guide the *Pole* 'gainst the *Antartick Star* ?
Who hath infused *Wisedome* into Man ?
Who to the heart give *Understanding* can ?
Who can, by wit, number the *Clouds* a piece ?
Or *Rain* descending who can make it cease ?

Then when the Lord had Metaphysick things
Omitted, unto Naturalls He springs :

For the *Great Lion* wilt thou hunt the prey ?

Or fill his young ones appetite, when they
Couch in their places, and in covert ly ?

Who feeds the *Ravens*, when their *Birds* do cry ?

Know'st thou the season when the *wilde Goats* does
Bring forth ? mark'st thou the *Hynds* when that they
To calve ? knows thou the moneths that they do (use
Fulfil their time ? this secret dost thou know ?

They bow themselves, and with difficulty,
Bruise out their *Young* in sorrow bitterly.

Yet

Or, *Jobs Adversity.*

Yet they with corn and other food wax fat :
Go forth, but to return they do forget.
Who hath the *wilde Asse* set at liberty ?
And deserts made his house ? Is it not I ?
He scorns the *Citties* multitude, and he
Scorns to give ear unto the *Drivers* cry :
He searcheth out the mountains for his food,
Seeks ev'ry green thing, and esteems it good.
Will th' *Unicorn* do service unto thee ?
Or wilt thou trust him, 'cause his strength's so hie ?
Wilt thou put trust into him, that he will
Gather thy *Seed* thy *Barn-yard* untill ?
Hast thou giv'n pleasant *gilded Wings* unto
The portraied *Peacock* ? or diddest thou
Give *feathers* to the *Ostrich* ? who on ground
Leaveth her *Eggs*, forgetting they'll be found
By any wilde beasts foot, that might them break :
A Father-care from off him he does shake :
Yet when his Young grow up in dust, they do
Mount up, and mocks the horse and rider too.
Of naturall affection God hath him
Depriv'd ; and wisdom cannot to him come.
It's I the Lord have said it. — — —
Hast thou ordain'd the *Horse* or *Stalion*,
With strength who scorns the multitude of men ?
He covered his neck with neighing ; Hath his brow
Or gloomy looks e're been restrain'd by you ?
Mad'st thou him fear'd as the *Grasshoppers* be ?
Mad'st thou him breath or fume upon the tie ?
He beats the valley, and he diggeth too,

Rejoice

The Christians Example,

Rejoicing in his strength, as he doth go
Forthwith to meet the hardest man, and he
Mocketh at fear, and cannot quiet be.
He's not afraid for sword, nor turns for war,
Though Quivers rattle, or the glittering spear.
With fiercenesse he treads underfoot the ground,
And sayeth, *ha!* when Trumps begin to sound.
He smells the war, he knows the battels voice
Afar, he hears the Captains shouting noise.
Then can thy wisdom make the *Hawk* to flee,
And stretch her wings toward the South countrie?
At thy command do th' *Eagle* mount on hy,
Who bideth on the Rock, and thence doth spy
For meat? her eyes are made so bright and clear,
She spies her food convenient afar:
Her Young-ones also suck up blood; and, where
The slain are extant, ye will find her there.

O then? Is this the high Path-rod, and way
To strive with the Almightyes Majesty?
He that reproveth God, then let him be
In readinesse in these to answer me.

Then answer'd *Job*, with trembling fear and said,
Once have I spoken, but will not proceed.
I'm vile, What shall I answer? then I'll lay
Mine hand on mouth, and so succumb will I.
Twice Spoke have I,
But will no more reply.

G O D to Job, the second time.

A Gain the Lord, out of the whirlwinde, made
His voice proceed, and thus to Job he said,
Gird now thy loins up like a man, and I
Will thus demand, declare thou unto me:
Wilt thou my judgement disanull, and must
Thou Job condemn me, that thou may'st be just?
Or may thy strength e're paralleled be
With Gods; or bears thou such a voice as he?
Decore thy self with beauty, and array
Thy self with glory and excellency:
The rage and indignation cast abroad
Of thy wrath; then abase each one that's proud,
And cast thine eye on each one that is hy,
Or arrogant, and make him low to ly:
Destroy thou the wicked in their place,
Hide them into the dust, and bind their face
In secret places: then will I confesse
Thine hand can save; but I'll not unlesse.
See thou to Behemoth (whom I made with thee)
Who eateth grasse as Oxen usuallie:
His strength is plac'd into his loins, and his
Force in the navell of his belly is:
When he takes pleasure, his tail's like to a Cedar,
The sinews of his flanks are wrapt together:
His greater bones are like to brasse, his tail
Are like to staves of iron one and all.

Amongst

The Christians Example,

Amongst the beasts, he's the chief work of God,
Yet with my breathing can I blow him dead.
Surely the mountains unto him brings our
Grasse. Can the Willows compass him about?
He spoils the River, and he trusts he can
Draw in his mouth the River deep *Jordan*.
Canst thou the *Leviathan* extrahat
With hook or line, which thou mayst cast thereat?
Or canst thou cast an hook into his nose?
Or with an angle canst thou pierce his Jaws?
Will he beseech thee, lest thou shouldst him take?
Or pray to thee, or to thee fairly speak?
Or canst thou fill the basket with his skin?
Or's head be put the Pannier within.
Lay thine hand on him, but think on to know
The dangerous battel, and do no more so.
His hope is vain who trusts to take him, for
Shall not one perish at his sight? (none dare
Stir up this *Leviathan*, yet a creature!
Then who is powerfull to withstand Gods nature?)
Who then is he that can before me stand?
Who hath preveen'd me that I'de make an end?
Who to fulfill my work, have taught me then?
For all to me pertains beneath the Heaven.
Then surely I'll discry his parts, and will
Show you the shape and power of the *Whale*.
Who dare pill off his scalie skin? or who
Shall open his mouth, or with a bit come to
Put him in a bridle, to command his snout?
Who shall be fearfull, fearfull round about.

Or, *Jobs Answer.*

His pridefull scales are jointly coupled; so
That *Boreas* air to enter doth not know.
One scale's so closely knit unto another,
They cannot loose, they're ignorant to sunder.
His nose ejaculateth flames of fire;
He lies among the stones as in the mire.
Out of his mouth goes sparks of fier hot,
Smoak from his nose like to a boyling pot.
Into his neck remaineth strength, and he
To any labour cannot subject be.
His joints are well conjoin'd, his body is
Strong in it self, cannot be moved, his
Heart's as th' Nether-stone of any mill,
The Mighties fear'd dare not approach untill
This monstrous *Leviathan*, lest they fall
A fainting, and give up the ghost withall.
He sets at nought the sword, he cares for none;
Nor for the dart, nor for the habergeon.
The Archers cunning cannot make him flee,
Nor for the sling will he affrayed be:
The darts by him like straw they counted are,
He mocks and scorns the shaking of the spear:
His wallowing in the sea will make it swell,
And makes it tremble like a pot of oil.
There's none like to him: for who hath
Hee's made; all beasts on earth subjected are
Unto this *Leviathan* or the *Whale*,
And hee's a proud superior over all.

Then *Job* reply'd, I know that thou, Lord God,
Canst do all things, and nothing's from thee hid. Lord

The Christian Example,

Lord, I confesse I'm base, and only I
Do speak of things that's too obscure for me :
Then, Lord, I will submit my self to thee,
Be thou the Master, I'll the Schollar be ;
I'll learn of thee, teach thou me wisdom then,
And I'll have wit above all vulgar men.
Before I knew thee only by the ear,
But now to me thou speakest, and I hear ;
And now I do contemplate thee, and I
Will here resign me to thy Majesty :
Therefore my self I do abhorre, and must
Repent in ashes, and ly low in dust.

The LORD to Job's Comforters.

THEN unto *Job's* Comforters spoke the Lord,
With angry countenance and wrathfull word,
Saying, Ye interpretis'd a wicked cause,
For *Job* my servant falsly judg'd was :
By outward crosses and afflictions ye
Condemned him, and by his miserie ;
While on the contrar, ye his friends should made
Him be comforted by my mercies good.
Ye have not spoke, nor uttered of me
As *Job* my servant in reality:
Therefore, Comforters, get you *Rams*, and make
The Altar with your *Bullocks*, for to smok,
Go sacrifice unto the Lord alone,
Lest he do put you to confusion:

Or, *Jobs Adversity.*

My servant *Job* shall pray for you, and I
Will save you for my servants purity;
Because ye have not spoken right of God,
As righteous *Job* my honest servant did:
And so they went and acted, as the Lord
Had formerly commanded by His Word.
Then *Jobs* afflictions were cast off, and he,
By heav'nly smiles was loof'd from miserie.
And when he had interceded for his friends,
The Lord Almighty doubled his means:
And by the power and valiant hand of God
His pains did passe unto a period.
His Brethren and his Sisters they combin'd,
They who were Strangers heretofore, conven'd:
They had compassion on him, and did meet,
Comforting *Job* with gifts, and made him eat:
Some gave a Lamb, and some a piece of Gold;
So God enrich'd him with a double fold.
Of cattell: Now Gods servant *Job* possesses
A thousand yoke of Oxen, thousand Asses:
He who just now on dust did crosses keep,
He now enjoys the double of his Sheep:
He who with pain was almost quite undone,
He now is blest with thrice three Sons and one:
He who incontinent was scorcht with pain,
Receives his Camels doubled again;
He who before was from all company
Restrained, he now begetteth Daughters three.
He, who was powred out like milk before,
Obtains Gods love and favour evermore.

The Christians Example.

After this wealth and procreation,
Job liv'd (and saw his Generation,
Of Sons and Daughters, to the fourth degree)
A hundred thirty seven years, and three.
So *Job* gave up the ghost, left them who reads,
(To follow him in these his patient deeds.)

But oh ! I love the World, and my desire
Grows on this *Mole-hill*, and scarce reacheth higher.
I can do nought, but wonder at this Glob,
How different its from *Long-since*, I from *Job*.

To



To the READER.

REader, into the former page thou sees
The sixth line shut with a Parenthesis;
Which was begun the seventh line of our Story.
Pardon me, Reader, for I think't a glory
To see inclos'd within a little Glob,
The ever-living crosses of a Job.
Rowle through the World, then O, and let it
A portray'd Patience, as I handle thee.
Direct each hand, O God, to keep the Bowl
At midst, lest it too fast, or slowly rowle.
Let it run slow, that all may see the deeds
Of Job: and learn, Let him run that reads.



J O B S L I F E,

INTO THREE PARTS.

The first *Part*.

First, when the Sun-shine of his prosperous dayes
Shew forth their sweet, but shade-comforting rayes:
Then with his age, his riches did increase,
Of any crosse all-ignorant he was.
He did abound in riches and in wealth,
He understood no mis'rie, but in health
Put forth his dayes, for all he had was blest
With successe, and was richest in the East.
Then did the O, or my Parenthesis,
Enjoy two horns, as't had been figur'd thus.



The second Part.

Then did *Iobs* wealth (as pictur'd down beneath)
 Run to an height, and to decrease again.
 Heaven to this Pattern trouble did bequeath,
 And he was pin'd with feav'rous scorching pain,
 Yet grace was given him from the God above,
 Still to indure, and be a patient *Iob*;
 That unto us *Example* he might prove,
 To close his crosses as this little *Glob*.



BIOLOGIA

The third Part.

THus *Iob* ov'rwhelm'd with grief and pain, abode
 In misery, till the Almighty G O D
 did extract his Carcasse from its pain,
 restor'd his *Soul* to liberty again.
 G O D loos'd his bands, banisht all fearfull dreams;
 and so he shines till now 'twixt two Extreame.

Prosperity.



Adversity.

In Prosperity.

H Ath God inrich'd thee with a thriving flock,
 Or oyl'd thy arms with *Jacob's* speckled flock;
 Or made thee find Heav'n's prosperous blinks to be
 Toward thy Household, and thy Familie?
 Then ponder up into thine heart, how vain
 All worldly hope's, how frail's all earthly gain.
Dives is rich'd with store, and thinks it best
 His Soul take pleasure, and his Soul take rest;
 But *Dives* is mistaken, all's not well!
 For foolish *Dives* must prepare for hell.
 Place not thy rest, poor man, in earth's abode,
 Here must thou *strive*, else cannot rest with **GOD**.



In Adversity.

O R hath the God of heaven rain'd down on thee
The gloomy looks of *sad Adversity*?
Then seek for grace, to rest content, exclaim,
God gives and takes, blest be his holy Name.
Though thou be cross'd, afflict'd, though thou be poor
He's rich who may obtain, *of hope a Door.*
Shut up thy sighs, and God, by strength of Pray'r,
Will be ov'rcome, and give thee thy desire.

Lord, if thou please me to oppresse at all,
Oppresse me on this World, that I may call
Upon thy Name; and so thou'lt set me free:
Crosse me in *Time*, not in *Eternity*.



MEDITATION

O N

J O B.

AND is it so (great God of heaven) that he
 Was plung'd in crosses and perplexitie?
 So that his flesh did change its proper hew.
 No devillish crosse was left that Satan knew:
 The *elevation of his grief* abounded,
 So that he still expect'd to be confounded:
 His toiling conflict, and his wicked wife;
 His oft contention, and his daily strife
 With friends; the horror of his mighty dreams;
 Still like to rack him on the stormy streams
 Of deep vexation, toss'd upon despair;
 Here liv'd in *hope*, then *hope* confounded there:
 And then the fear of Gods displeased eye
 Made him be cast in trembling extasie.

Lord, give me leave to say, It happ'ned well
 On *Iob*; though I deserve as much, as ill.
 Blest be thy Name, the arrow was well guided:
 On *honest Iob*, who had the power to hide it.
 Yet, Lord, I do believe thou gav'st the power,
 Else *fleshly Iob* had never been the doer.

And

Meditation on Job.

And hadst not thou imparted Grace Divine
To *Job*, his faith would been as weak as mine.
One of these crosses, or the smallest touch,
Would drown'd me, Lord, though I deserv'd as much:
For I exceed a twenty-fold degree
Of sin to *Job*, and much more vile than he
By hundred steps: in sin I him exceed;
For he transgress't in word, but I in deed.
One or two times he sinn'd before the Lord,
But I do daily, and in every word.
He had some reason, by affliction,
Yet, Lord, I sin, and I get cause of none.
It's nor affliction, neither outward ill,
That makes me sin, but a depraved will;
Into the black estate of nature dead I ly,
In hath yet power in *Unregenerate* I.
O gracious God! then what would I have done,
If thou hadst given me *Jobs* affliction?
Purify this weak vessell, and this pot of clay,
Would have been rapt in pieces every way,
By *Crosses Hammer*, broken by despair:
Thus, Lord, I'm frail, and these my failings are.

Give me *Jobs* faith and patience, I'll not stand
To bear *Jobs* crosses at thy just command:
But if thou dost, to me shall not be given
Reward on earth; but give it, Lord, in heaven.

PSAL.

PSAL. 95. 3.

*For the Lord is a great God : and a great King
above all gods.*

JOB 15. 16.

*How much more abominable and filthy is man,
which drinketh iniquity like water.*

ECCLES. 8. 6.

*Because to every purpose there is time and judge-
ment ; therefore the misery of man is great
upon him.*

GREAT GOD, my Muses cannot acquiesce
Thus to behold thy glorious rayes so clear :
My soul with wonder is exhorresse,
Thy shining feature makes me fear.

Each day and night I hear

Thy glory multiplies :

Thy creatures witness bear,

The heaven, earth, and seas.

2.

God man hath fram'd, and given a soul to him ;
Yet hee's a creature who doth not agree
With his own soul, still seeking for to climb
Beyond the reach of possibilitie.

He cannot quiet be,

But more and more requires :

Great God, what things would he,
If he had his desires ?

3.

O then ! is God the cause and instrument
Of evill ? or is the Lord deprav'd, that he
Beginneth mischief ? No : Man doth invent
His vain inventions, working wickedly.

Good God, thou mad'st him free,
But he with sin deprav'd :
Thy Son did die, that he
A sinner might be sav'd.

4.

Then what is man, poor man, that he should so
Defile his reasonable soul with sin ?

Hee's mortall, subject unto death and woe ;
Hee's plung'd in deep perplexity and pain.

He ever labours, yet in vain ;
His worldly troubles mount on hie :
He works, and ne're receiveth gain :
At last this wretched man *must die.*

5.

When he arrives at this wide world, with tears
He labours to bewail his worldly woe :

And while he doth remain in younger years,
Soon he perceives the earth to be a foe :

Therefore from it hee'll go,
In sorrow and in pain :
Hee's dust, God made him so,
To dust hee'll turn again.

F I N I S.

POETICAL
PRAYERS

Mingled with
SPIRIT-EJACULATIONS.

By ARTHUR NASMYTH.

PHIL. 6. 4.

Be carefull for nothing : but in every thing by Prayer, and supplication with thanksgiving, let your request be made to GOD.

JAM. 1. 5.

If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of GOD, who giveth liberally to all men, and upbraiderh not : and it shall be given him.

Vigilate & orate, ut in tentationem non intretis.

EDINBURGH, Printed, Anno, 1665.

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T O
G O D,

HEav'n's mighty King, rouse up my spirit hye
Then my poor flesh expects, by winged prayer
Flee, flee to God, my soul, let th' Elevation
Of thy poor self, be in humiliation.

Illuminate my mind, and ope mine eyes,
That I may see a Ram to sacrifice.

Let me not kill my Soul with vain inventions,
But flee to God in Zeal, with good Intentions
Let me with patience stand to see thy glore,
Let breathing be my Hearts Ambassador.

Thy poor Creature,

GWELL. SPRING of Life.

Poetic

POETICALL PRAYERS.

I. *Good inward Motions.*

LOrd, if this thought begin into mine heart,
(Then shew thy glory, let it not depart)
To invade my sins: Lord, gird thou me with
strength,
That I may be victorious at length;
And, with a *Pardon* in my hand, may sing,
Grave, where's thy triumph, Death, where's thy sting

II. *Of Conscience.*

When thou sends Conscience for to check my sin,
Then, Lord, with-hold a vile depraved heart
For to depresse my Conscience me within;
Lest with its *Custom* I grow too expert.
Lord, give me strength to overcome, look down,
And give unto the Conquerour a Crown.

III. *Ignorance.*

With ignorance I'm blind, and in a mist;
Grant this request, for this I do desire;
Lord, in thy mercy let my soul be blest,
Guide with a cloud in light, in dark by fire.

As this I will aspire,
Thy truth for to implore;

Poetical Prayers.

And deprecate, thine ire
For now and evermore.

I V. Gods mercy to sinners.

Admire the Lord ! for he's so excellent,
His mercy doth transcend his justice so,
He saves all sinners when they do repent;
The Lord delights not in a sinners wo.
Unload my Soul, O Lord, of sin, and I
Will no more drag me with iniquity.
Prostrate my Soul before thee, let it bring
A contrite Spirit for an offering.

V. Keep holy the Sabbath.

Lord, when I enter in thy house of feasts,
Teach me that holy reverence I ow :
Let me not carve thy Scriptures unto jeasts;
Its done in faith, not fancie, make me know.
Let not for outward show,
Me be conducted there :
Thy fear on me bestow,
Teach what thy precepts are.

V I. Mans frailty.

Thou knowest my frailty, and fragility.
Give to me, Lord, what thou desires of me,
And then my frailty, like to snow with fire
Dissolving, will give what thou dost require
Lord, we believe, if thou will but command,
Grace shall exceed the number of the sand
And mortify our frailty.

Then

Poeticall Prayers.

Then give me leave to think within my mind,
My heart's an *Altar*, and thou offering on't
Thy blessings, and it smoaking on each part.
Which may present the Prayers (of my heart)
Of thanks to thee, who did these blessings store
Upon my heart, my *Spirit* to decore.
Remove my *frailty*, feed with sp'ituall food
My Soul: but Lord, remove *Ingratitude*.

VII. *Be wearied of sin, pant after GOD.*

DO not protract, O GOD!
Come, love my lifelesse heart;
O! do my Soul unload
Of sin, and sinning art;
That so in every part,
Thy Acts I may proclaim;
Who hast reviv'd a heart,
By thy miraculous fimes
I'll wonder at the same,
How thou hast pluckt me fro
(By pow'r of thy great name)
The World my deadly foe,
As thou hast sav'd me so,
Lord cause me ever still
Give thanks unto thee, who
Hast fre'd me from this ill.
Cause me to worke thy will,
E'er with a willing heart;
Uphold me by thy skill,
Let not thy sp'rit depart;

Poeticall Prayers.

VIII. *Sins past.*

If I have sinn'd against thee, let not me
Excuse my sin with double flatterie:
Lest I thy curses written in my scroll;
Receive, in wrath and farie of thy gall.
Who acteth this with God, they do no more
But just approves the sin they did before.
O! cleanse my heart from sin; Lord, cleanse me so;
That this my Soul, may shine like to the sun now.

IX. *Sins of Ignorance.*

If 'gainst the Lord, in ignorance I sin,
Then let me come before thee, and begin
With broken Spirit to shew forth my wo,
Repenting it, and I'll be cleansed so.
Untop the bush, and see it, do thou bring
A club to slay it, oyl to cure its sting.

X. *Against these who hate God, and oppress his.*

LORD I have no relief, But run to thee,
When thy despisen love, me to oppresse.
When they begin to taunt despighfully,
Then will I to thy holy Name addresse;
A prayer indeed, and tell who dare
(In peace) proclaim against me war.
Who can overcome me, or prevail?
The Devil shall not, nor the gates of hell.

Poetical Prayers.

X I. Strive against sin.

Lord, let my sin into my breast with me
Have no concordance, let it not agree
Within my bosome ; lest thou, in thine ire,
Cast *Soul* and *Body*, *Sin* and all in fire ;
Or rather, Lord, because a sinfull creature
Is odious to thy *High Diviner Nature*;
So, while it doth remain within my mind,
Draw near, and raise a conflict in within't ;
Then thou a third, come in, and take my part ;
Extract my sin. plant grace within mine heart ;
Lord, shew thy glory, save a wretch, who hath
His totall comfort in a Saviours death.

X II. The Souls Journey.

Infuse thy Spirit, extrahate my soul
From *Egypts bondage*, for to set thy will ;
But let my *Bosome* incertain no things
That smell of *Pharaoh*, nor of *Egypts* kings ;
And when I'm out of't, let thy Sp'rit me bleesse
Guide through the desert of worlds wilderness
Divide my soul like *Jordan* in the way,
Erect't in heaps while I am passing by ;
Lest, while I walk in't, I grow worser then
The men of *Egypt*, and be drown'd therein
And then within me let me still erect
Memoriall statues, that thou may'st protect
Me from these floods, which may my soul devour
Thus let me praise thee, and thy love adore

Οὕτως ὑπὸ προσευχῇ ὑμεῖς.

3

Sic ergò orabit̃s vos.

Our Father which art in Heaven.

*Father in Heaven, adopt us, let the showres
Of grace rain on us, let us call THEE Ours;
We got the wrath we merite; help us rather
To be adopted Sons to GOD, Our Father.*

I. Hallowed be Thy Name.

*Revive my dark'ned spirit by thy pow'r,
That it may live to blesse and praise the Doer;
We us who're dead in sin, both live, and love to claim
Thy int'rest in thy ever-Hallowed Name.*

II. Thy Kingdome come.

*O! make my soul pant for the living GOD,
Lord, make me thirt to see thy blest abode:
Awake up my lifelesse thoughts; O! quicken some
To cry by faith, Lord, let thy Kingdome come.*

: III. Thy will be done, &c.

*Thy will be done, O Lord, what e're it be;
For, Lord, thou canst not will amisse: to me
Faster, Lord, let grace be given;
Thy will be done on earth as its in heaven.*

IV.

IV. *Give us this day, &c.*

In thee we live and move; therefore, Lord,
 Of thee we have our only breath and being,
 With food convenient, Jesus, do us feed,
Give us, O God, this day our daily bread.

V. *Forgive us our debts.*

Heav'n's Lord, we know not what a spirit we are
 Our wrathfull hearts sin more than we're awar of:
 O make us know thee, our wicked selves, and better
Forgive us, Lord, our debts, as we our debtors.

VI. *Lead us not into temptation.*

Deliver us from ill, O Lord; for we,
 By vain inventions and infirmities,
 Are apt to slip: give us the renovation
 Of twice-born sons; *Lead's not into temptations*

The Conclusion.

*Thine is the Kingdome, and thine is the power,
 Thine is the glory; thou must be the Doer,
 Else, when we fall, we cannot rise again:
 Give, Lord, our wills may say to thine, A M E N.*

ECULUM HOMINIS.
Mans Looking-Glasse.

ECCLIES. 3. 1.

Every thing there is a season, and a time to
every purpose under the heaven.

Verse 9. What profit hath he that worketh in
that wherein he laboureth.

*All things in humanitie,
Are vexation and vanitie.*

A Time's produc'd when Nature gives a child,
A time's produc'd when Nature is exil'd :
Or there are times of birth and times to die,
And all these times produce but *Vanitie*.

In this *vain time*, there is a time to plant ;
Yet here's not all, that's not sufficient :
But there's a time to pluck, even that which he
hath plant'd, doth *produce vanity*.

There's a time to kill,
And that's a time to heal.
There's a time to be produc'd, and thus they be.
There's a time to be a child, with child of *vanitie*.

There

Mans Looking glasse.

There's other times to weep, to laugh, then this
And see these times wherein we weep and mourne
But view them well, you'll see as well as I,
That all these times are nought but vanity.

There is a time of casting stones, and then
To gather ; to embrace, and to refrain :
Another time to find, another time there is
Of losing, and's inrich'd with vanities.

A time to keep, and cast away, and you
Shall find a time to rent, a time to sew.
Another time there is to silent be,
A time to speak, and yet but vanity.

There is a time to hate, to love, and there
Are likewise times for golden-peace, and war.
Mark well these Times, and they will all descry
Poor mans vexation, poor mans vanity.

In birth, in death, in planting and in pulling,
In breaking down, in building and in killing,
In healing too, in all these Times we see,
Poor mans vexation, poor mans vanity.

Even so in Times of laughing and of weeping,
In times of mourning and in times of laughing,
In casting stones, in gathering, we see
Nought but vexation, nought but vanity.

In times of getting, keeping, and imbracing,
And in refraining, scattering, and losing;
In renting, sewing, we may plainly see,
Frail mans vexation, frail mans vanity.

ECULUM HOMINIS.
Mans Looking-Glasse.

ECCLIES. 3. 1.

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*All things in humanitie,
Are vexation and vanitie.*

A Time's produc'd when Nature gives a child,
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Or there are times of *birth* and times to *die*,
And all these times produce but *Vanitie*.

In this *vain time*, there is a time to *plant* ;
Yet here's not all, that's not sufficient :
But there's a time to *pluck*, even that which he
hath *planted* . . . *vanity*.

There's a time to *kill*,
There's a time to *heal*.
These two produc'd, and thus they be.
A *child*, with child of *vanitie*.

There

Mans Looking glasse.

There's other times to weep, to laugh, then this
And see these times wherein we weep and mourne
But view them well, you'll see as well as I,
That all these times are nought but vanity.

There is a time of casting stones, and then
To gather; to embrace, and to refrain:
Another time to find, another time there is
Of loosing, and's enrich'd with vanities.

A time to keep, and cast away, and you
Shall find a time to rent, a time to sew.
Another time there is to silent be,
A time to speak, and yet but vanity.

There is a time to hate, to love, and there
Are likewise times for golden-peace, and war.
Mark well these Times, and they will all descry
Poor mans vexation, poor mans vanity.

In birth, in death, in planting and in pulling,
In breaking down, in building and in killing,
In healing too, in all these Times we see,
Poor mans vexation, poor mans vanity.

Even so in Times of laughing and of weeping,
In times of mourning and in times of laughing,
In casting stones, in gathering, we see
Nought but vexation, nought but vanity.

In times of getting, keeping, and embracing,
And in refraining, scattering, and losing;
Inventing, sewing, we may plainly see,
Frail mans vexation, frail mans vanity.

Man's Looking glass.

In time of silence keeping,
In time of love, of hate, in time of speaking,
In times of war, and peace, a man may see
His own vexation, his own vanity.

Heavens potent Prince, do thou refine me so
That I, frail I, *Times vanity* may know,
And be converted unto Thee, who can
Apply these times to me, yet not in vain:
Then let there be a time, when such as I
May both be *born* to thee, and so may die.
O! *plant* my heart with grace, and *pluck* thou out
The errors that's within't, and thereabout.
O! *kill* my foes, and *heal* my heart that hath
A wound therein, Lord, *build* me up in Faith.
Break down these Idols, that my heart adores,
Restrain my hands from rowing with the oars
Of subtile *Satan*, O! let me *refrain*
Nor to *embrace* such (double) pleasant pain.
O! let me *find* thy Favour, let me *loose*
These gilded actions, that my heart suppose
Pleasant, induring: keep me, Lord, I pray,
Within thy Volume, cast me not away.
O! *cause* mine eyes to *mourn*, my heart to *rent*,
Because my *dayes* are few, and badly spent.
O! let each *time* be such a *time* to me
That every *time* may write *Eternity*.



F I N I S.

